By MRS. HUMPHREY WARD, AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."

CHAPTER V. During the three weeks which elapsed between the two expeditions of the "Sunday League" Kendal saw Miss Bretherton two or three times under varying circumstances. One night he took it into his head to go to the pit of the Calliope, and came away more persuaded than before that as an actress there was small prospect for her. Had she been an ordinary mortal, he thought, the original stuff in her might have been disciplined into something, really valuable by the common give and take, the normal rubs and difficulties of her profession. But as it was she had been lifted at once by the force of one natural endowment into a position which. from the artistic point of view, seemed to him hopeless. Her instantaneous successdependent as it was on considerations wholly outside those of dramatic art-had denied her all the advantages which are to be won from struggle and from laborious and gradual conquest. And more than this, it had deprived her of an ideal; it had tended to make her take her own performance as the measure of the good and possible. For, naturally, it was too much to expect that she herself should analyze truly the sources and reasons of her popularity. She must inevitably believe that some, at least, of it was due to her dramatic talent in itself. "It is very possible that I am not quite fair to her. She has all the faults which repel me most. I could get over anything but this impression dal's deep reading chair, and looked up at his undertake to be brutal. It would be imposof bare blank ignorance which she makes upon me. And as things are at present, it is impossible that she should learn. It might be interesting to have the teaching of her! But it could only be done by some one with whom she came naturally into frequent

upon her. And she seems to know very few people who could be of any use to her." On another occasion he came across her in the afternoon at Mrs. Stuart's. The conversation turned upon his sister, Mme. de Chateauvieux, for whom Mrs. Stuart had a warm but very respectful admiration. They had met two or three times in London, and ing sister" had been introduced, and on this from it to her"-particular afternoon, as Kendal entered her drawing room, his ear was caught at once by the sound of Marie's name. Miss Bretherton herself," interrupted Ken lal. drew him impulsively into the conversation, Wallace nodded. "Just so, you see, my and he found himself describing his sister's relations with her are so friendly that it mode of life, her interests, her world, her be-longings, with a readiness such as he was not was in a greater fix. She was enthusiastic. very apt to show in the public discussion of She walked up and down the foom after I'd any subject connected with himself. But done-reading, repeating some of the passages, Isabel Bretherton's frank curiosity, her kindling eyes and sweet parted lips, and that strain of romance in her which made her. lace. It shall be the first thing I bring out so quickly responsive to anything which in my October season-if you will let me touched her imagination, were not easy to have it. Well, of course, I suppose most resist. She was delightful to his eye and sense, and he was as conscious as he had ever been of her delicate personal charm. Besides, it was pleasant to him to talk of that Any piece she plays in is bound to be a suc-Parisian world, in which he was himself vitally interested, to any one so naive and deal of money out of it; but then, you see, fresh. Her ignorance, which on the stage I don't want the money, an i"had annoyed him, in private life had its particular attractiveness. And, with regard to fully; "you don't want the money, and you this special subject, he was conscious of feel that she will ruin the play It's a great breaking down a prejudice; he felt the bore certainly." [pleasure of conquering a great reluctance in "Well, you know, how could she help ruinher. Evidently on starting in London she ing it! She couldn't play the part of Elvira had set berself against everything that she -you remember the plot !- even decently. identified with the great French actress who It's an extremely difficult part. It would be had absorbed the theatre going public during superb-I think so, at least-in the hands of the previous season; not from personal jeal- an actress who really understood her busiousy, as Kendal became ultimately con- ness, but Miss Bretherton will make it one vinces, but from a sense of keen moral re- long stagey scream, without any modulavolt against Mme. Desforets' notorious position, any shades, any delicacy. It drives tion and the stories of her private life which one wild to think of it. And yet how, in the were current in all circles. She had decided name of fortune, am I to get out of it?" in her own mind that French art meant a "You had thought," said Kendal, "I retainted art, and she had shown herself very member, of Mrs. Petroon for the heroine," so little and which she judged so harshly; teenth century! Can't you see her?" the laborious technical training to which the "Well, after all," said Kendal, with a little

fled. Incompetent and unpromising as an clumsy handling is it olerable to me." artist, delightful as a woman, had been his "I suppose it would had been his creature concerned, his principles, as we have earliest verdict upon her, and his conviction said Kendal, meditatively. "I von refuseit," seen, were apt to give way a little, for the of its reasonableness had been only deepened. "Yes," said Wallac, emphasically, "I be self underneath was warm hearted and imby subsequent experience; but perhaps the lieve it would wound her extremely. You pressionable, but in his own room and by sense of delightfulness was gaining upon the see, in spite of all he success, she is beginsense of incompetence! After all, beauty and charm and sex have in all ages been too publics in London. There is the small, He ruminated over the matter during his much for the clever people who try to reckon fastidious public of teople who take the solitary meal, planning his line of action. without them. Kendal was far too shrewd theatre seriously, and there is the large, "It all depends," he said to himself, "on that; not to recognize the very natural and reason- easy going public who get the only sensation if what Wallace says about her is true, if my able character of the proceeding and not to they want out of her beauty and her per- opinion has really any weight with her, I shall smile at the first sign of it in his own person. sonal prestige. The enthusiasts have no be able to manage it without offending her. Still, he meant to try, if he could, to keep difficulty, as yet, in holding their own It's good of her to speak of me as kindly as the two estimates distinct, and neither to against the scoffers, and for a long time Miss she seems to do; I was anything, but amiable. confuse himself nor other people by con- Bretherton knew and cared nothing for on that Surrey Sunday. However, I felt founding them. It seemed to him an intel- what the critical people said, but of late I then that she liked me all the better for plain lectual point of honor to keep his head per- have noticed at times that she knows more speaking; one may be tolerably safe with her fectly cool on the subject of Miss Brether, and cares more than she did. It seems to that she won't take offense unreasonably. ton's artistic claims, but he was conscious me that there is a little growing screness in What a picture she made as she pulled the that it was not always very easy to do-a her mind, and just now if I refuse to let her primroses to pieces-it seemed all up with consciousness that made him sometimes all have that play it will destroy her confidence one! And then her smile flashing out-her the more recalcitrant under the pressure of in her friends, as it were. She won't re- eagerness to make amends-to sweep away a

For it seemed to him that in society he it will go to her heart. Do, for heaven's enchanting!"
heard of nothing but her-her beauty, her sake, Kendal, help me to some plausible ficfascination and her success. At every dinner Lon or other! table he heard stories of her, some of them evident inventions, but all tending in the and down, his gray hair falling forward week, but that things were coming to a it's Shakespeage's first, Charles Lamb's aftersame direction-that is to say, illustrating either the girl's proud independence and her determination to be patronized by nobody, not even by royalty itself, or her lavish kindheartedness and generosity towards the poor and the inferiors of her own profession. She was for the moment the great interest of London, and people talked of her popularity and social prestige as a sign of the times and a proof of the changed position of the theatre and of those belonging to it. Kendal thought it proved no more than that an extremely beautiful girl of irreproachable character, brought prominently before the public in any capacity whatever, is sure to stir the susceptible English heart, and that which would in the long run affect the stage at all. But he kept his reflections to himself. and in general talked about her no mere than he was forced to do. He had a sort of chivalrous feeling that those whom the girl had made in any degree her personal friends ought, as far as possible, to stand between her and this inquisitive, excited public. And it was plain to him that the enormous social

success was not of her seeking, but of her One afternoon, between 6 and 7, Kendal was working alone in his room with the unusual prospect of a clear evening before him. He had finished a piece of writing and was standing before the fire deep in thought over put it out of her head?" the first paragraphs of his next chapter when

he heard a knock; the door opened and Wal lace stood on the threshold. "May I come in! It's a shame to disturb you, but I've really got something important



"Oh, come in, by all means. Here's some cold tea. Will you have some, or will you for my work. I'll ring and tell Mason," "No. don't; I can't stay. I must be in Kensington at 8." He threw himself into Kenmine I showed you in the spring?"

Kendal took time to think. "Perfectly. You mean that play by that young Italian fellow which you altered and to either of us again!" contact. Nobody could thrust himself in translated! I remember it quite well. I

"You thought well of it, I know. Well, fortable hobble about it. You kn w I havin't taken it to any manager. I've been keeping in no want of money just now, and I had set Mme, de Chateauvieux's personal distinction, my heart on the thing's being really goodpression upon the lively little woman, who, without consulting me, told Miss Bretherton "Oh, I had enough of that last year," said monplace and conventional success in society, supposed I should soon want somebody felt an awe struck sympathy for anything so to bring it out for me. Miss Bretherton was experience I don't take lightly." cy with Miss Bretherton had not gone far told it to her, and the next time I saw her before the subject of "Mr. Kendal's interest- ahe insisted that I should read some scenes

produce it and play the principal part in it

wound up by saying, Give it me, Mr. Walpeople would impo at such an offer. Her popularity just now is something extraordicess, and I suppose I should make a good

"Yes, yes, I see," said Kendal, thought

restive-Kendal had seen something of it on "Yes; I should have tried her. She is not their Surrey expedition-under any attempts first rate, but at least she is intelligent, she to make her share the interest which certain understands something of what you want in sections of the English cultivated public feel a part like that. But for poor Isabel Bretherin foreign thought, and especially in the ton, and those about her, the great points in foreign theatre. Kendal took particular the play will be that she will have long pains, when they glided off from the topic of speeches and be able to wear 'mediæval' his sister to more general matters, to dresses! I don't suppose she ever heard of make her realize some of the finer aspects. Aragon in her life. Just imagine her playof the French world, of which she knew ing a high born Spanish woman of the Fif-

dwellers on the other side of the channel sub- laugh, "I should see what the public goes for get up, and that would be too great a shame. mit themselves so much more read v than mostly-that is to say, Isabel Bretherton in the English in any matter of art; the intel- effective costume. No, it would be a great lectual conscientionsness and refinement due failure not a failure, of course, in the ordito the pressure of an organized and continu- nary sense. Her beauty, in the mediaval ous tradition, and so on. He realized that a get up, and the romantic plot of the piece good deal of what he said or suggested must would carry it through, and, as you say, you naturally be lost upon her. But it was de- would probably make a great deal by it. But, lightful to feel her mind yielding to his, artistically, it would be a ghastly failure, while it stimulated her sympathy and per- And Hawes! Hawes, I suppose, would play haps roused her surprise to find in him, every Macias! Good heaver s"

now and then, a grave and unpretending re- "Yes," said Wallace learning his head on sponse to those moral enthusiasms in herself his hands and looking gloomily out of the in his life a whole hearted devotion to certain which were too real and deep for much di- window at the spire of St. Bride's church, intellectual interests, which decided his "Pleasant, isn't it!: But what on earth am 1 action on a point like this. In spite of his "Whenever I am next in Paris," she said to do! I never was in a greater hole. I'm not life in society, books and ideas were at this to him, when she perforce rose to go with the least in love with that girl, Kendal, but moment much more real to him than men that pretty hesitation of manner which was there isn't anything she'd ask me to do for and women. He judged life from the standso attractive in her, "would you mind- her that I wouldn't do if I could. She's the point of the student and the man of letters, would Mme de Chateauvieux-t I asked you warmest hearted crea ure-one of the kind- in whose eyes considerations, which would to introduce me to your sister; It would be a est, frankest, sincerest women that ever have seemed abstract and unreal to other stepped. I feel at times that I'd rather cut people, had become magnified and all im-Kendal made a very cordial reply, and my hand off than burt her feelings by throw. portant. In this matter of Wallace and Miss they parted knowing more of each other ing her offer in her face, and yet that play | Bretherton he saw the struggle between an than they had yet done. Not that his lead- has been the apple of my eye to me for ideal interest, so to speak, and a personal ining impression of her was in any way modi- months; the thought of seeing it speiled by terest, and he was heart and soul for the

proach me, she won't quarrel with me, but barsh impression -ber pretty gratefulness-

"I wish I could," said Kendal, pacing up himself had avoided Miss Bretherton all the That's not raine, my dear Miss Bretherton; over his brow. There was a pause, and crisis. "I've just got this note from her," then Kendal walked energetically up to his be said despairingly, spreading it out before a real, genuine heretic. Twenty years ago friend and laid his hand on his shoulder. Wallace; I'm quite clear on that. You know table littered with papers. how much I like her. She's all you say, and "Could anything be more prettily done? more, but art is art, and acting is acting. I, If you don't succeed to-morrow, Kendal, I at any rate, take these things seriously, and shall have signed the agreement before three "We liberals are by no means the cocks of you do, too We rejoice in it for her sake; days are over?" but, after all, when one comes to think of it, It'was indeed a charming note. She asked see, now we have got nothing to buil against, this popularity of hers is enough to make one him to fix ady time he chose for an appoint as it were. So lo . we had two or three despair. Sometimes I think it will throw ment with her and her business manager, good grieve back the popular dramatic taste for years, and spoke with cathusiasm of the play. "It ret At any rate, I am clear that if a man has got cannot belp being a great success," she "mere larged pour upagates to hold of a line work of art, as you have in wrate, "I feel that I am not worthy of it, who had as in their rice as that play, he has a duty to it and to the pub- but I will do my very best. The part seems are charged, we've go all lie. You are bound to see it brought out to use, in many respects, as though it had under the best possible conditions, and we all been written for me. You have never, in the gree.

with Hawes, would will it from the artistic words to let me have 'Eivera,' I thought I "Perfectly true," said Wal-lace. "Well, would you have me tell her sol" will not say me may, and you will see how "You must get out of it somehow. Tell her grateful I shall be for the chance your work

that the part is one you feel won't suit her- will give me " won't do her justice." "Much good that would do! She thinks the Kendal "Not a word of the pecuniary ad , forces. The share the first that part just made for her, costumes and all." vantages of her offer, though she must know given you all your bull and her brancheauty, "Well, then, say you haven't finished your that althost any author would "the has eyes while, as i would read revision, and you must have time for more just now for such a propessit. Veril, we also of this definit or the normal support work at it; that will postpone the thing, and shoul see. If I can't make the thing look for mowing well, I suppose and here the

that," said Wallace; "it's hardly worth while

wouldn't believe me; in the second, she won't inspire you before long." forget it, whatever happens, and it would my wits desert me. I say, Kendal!"

Wallace hesitated, and glanced up at his friend with his most winning expression. "Do you think you could earn my eternal gratitude and manage the thing for me! You know we're going to Oxford next Sunday, and I suppose we shall go to Nuneham, and there will be opportunities for walks, and so ou. Could you possibly take it in hand! She has an immense respect for you intellectually. If you tell her that you're sure the part won't suit her; that she won't do herself justice in it; if you could lead the conversation on to it and try to put her out of love for the scheme without seeming to have a commission from me in any way, I should be indeed everlastingly obliged. You wouldn't make a mess of it, as I should be sure to do You keep

your head cool." "Well!" said Kendal, laughing, balancing himself on the table, facing Wallace. That's a tempting prospect! But if I count help you out you'll give in, I know. You're the softest of men, and I don't want you to give in." "Yes, of course I shall give in," said Wallace, with smiling decision. "If you don't want me to, suppose you take the responsibility. I've known you do d flieult things before; you manage somehow to get your,

own way with ut offending people."
"H'm," said Kendal; "I don't 'thow stay and dine? I must dine early to-night whether that's flattering or not." He began to walk up and down the room again coritating. "I don't mind trying." he said at last, in a very gingerly way. "I can't, of course, friend, standing silent and expectant on the sible for any one to treat her roughly. But hearth rug. "Do you remember that play of there might be ways of doing it. There's time to think over the best way of doing it. Supposing, however, she took offense! Supposing, after Sunday next, she never speaks

"Oh!" said Wallace, wincing, "I should have meant to ask you about it once or twice give up the play at once if she really took it to heart. She attaches one to her. I feel towards her as though she were a sister-only Ken las smiled "Miss Bretherton hasn't

it by me, working it up here and there. I am got to that yet with me. Sisters, to my

parture from London and Wallace's long lege of spending five or six long hours on the absence in the country. But he said nothing, river with her, were delights which, as the unless there was sympathy in the cordial happy young man felt, would render him and he must go on with it. "But I'll be grip of his hand as he accompanied the other | the object of envy to all at least of his fellow

On the threshold Wallace turned irresolutely. "It will be a risk hext Sunday," he lined rooms and starting the two old scouts to." said: "I'm determined it shan't be anything in attendance into an unwonted rapidity of She is not the woman, I think, to make a quarrel out of a thing like that." "Oh, no," said Kendal: "keep your courage up. I think it may be managed. You give me leave to handle 'Elvira' as I like." "Oh, heavens, yes!" said Wallace; 'get me

bless you forever. What a brute I am never | faction. to have asked after your work! Does it

doesn't like dinner parties." "Like me," said Wallace, with a shrug. "Nonsense!" said Kendal; "you're made for them. Good night."

"Good night. It's awfully good of you." "What! Wait till it's well over!" Wallace ran down the stairs and was gone. Kendal walked back slowly into his room and stood meditating. It seemed to him that Wallace did not quite realize the magnificence of his self devotion. "For, after all, it's an awkward business," he said to himself, shaking his head over his own temerity. "How I am to come around a girl as frank, as direct, as unconventional as that, I don't quite know. But she ought not to have that play; it is one of the good things that have been done for the English stage for a long time past. It's well put together, the plot good, three or four strongly marked characters, and some fine Victor Hugoish dialogue, especially in the last act. But there is ex-

travagance in it, as there is in all the work of that time, and in Isabel Bretherton's hands a great deal of it would be grotesque; nothing could save it but her reputation and the No, no; it will not do to have the real thing swamped by all sorts of irrelevant considerations in this way. I like Miss Brethertonheartily, but I like good work, and if I can save the play from her I shall save her, too, from what everybody with eyes in his head would see to be a failure." It was a rash determination. Most men

would have prudently left the matter to those whom it immediately concerned, but Kendal had a Quixotic side to him and at this time ideal. Face to face with the living human

rushed in for a few minutes to say that he Kenda', who was making a scrappy bachelor it would have been a thrilling sight; but "You oughtn't to let her have that play, meal, with a book on each side of him, at a now, alas! it's so common that it's not the

know that Miss Bretherton's acting, capped deed, I remember, consented in so many are the Process of Care should meet you at Mrs. Stuart's yesterday

"Yes, tunt's done with real delicacy," said she will hear of something else which will less attractive to her without rousing her place fortible for the paris care to be suit "There are all sorts of reasons against courage to refuse—why, you m st s to the thing the other sale a suspicions, and if you can't seven up your want to be bulled. But it's a terr good

going through them. In the first place, she best of it; you will find something else to The conversation "It's most awkward," sighed Wallace, as Kendal presently turned away to talk in an only put the difficulty off a few weeks at though making up his perpend mind with undertone to Mrs. Stuart, who sat next to

most. I feel so stupid about the whole thing. difficulty. The great chance is that by I like her too much. I'm so afraid of saying Agnes' account she is very much inclined to anything to hurt her, that I can't finesse. All regard your opinion as a sort of intellectual pepersonally as you can,"

smile, "I shall bungle it. Don't make me nervous. I can't promise you to succeed, and you must'nt bear me a grudge if I fail."

the way, have you heard from Agnes about the trains to-morrow?" "Yes, Paddington, 10 o'clock, and there is an 8:15 train back from Culham. Mrs. Stuart says we're to lunch in Balliol, run down to Nuneham afterward, and leave the boats there, to be brought back."

"Yes, we lunch with that friend of ours-I

has been a Balliol don for about a year. I only her looking very tired? I have come to know trust the weather will be what it is to-day." The weather was all that the heart of man could desire, and the party met on the Paddington platform with every prospect of another successful day. Forbes turned up quite so great as it was at first." pune ual to the moment, and radiant under combined in lucice of the smigline and of Miss Bretherton's presence: Wallace had made all the arrangements perfectly, and the six friends found themselves presently journeying along to Oxford at that moderated speed which is all that a Sunday express can reach. The talk flowed with zest and gavety; the Surrey Sunday was a pleasant

memory in the background, and all were

erton was looking rather thin and pale, but | into her every now and then, like so many she would not admit it, and chattered from her corner to Forbes and himself with the mirth and abancon of a child on its holiday. | seemed to her only what every actress must At last the "dreaming spires" of Oxford rose from the green, river threaded plain, and they were at their journey's end. A few more minutes saw them alighting at the gate of the new Balliol, where stood Herbert Lady,' and is bent upon a change, and I be lieve she thinks this play of Edward's is just my sister has got me into the most uncom- more interesting, because there's the charm young don with a classical edition on hand which kept him up working after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the mind, are as interesting as anybody, and inner quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his more so But how on earth, Wallace bave well bred look and manner an abundant conher refinement, her information, her sweet well written and well acted. Well, Agnes, pour excaped failing in love with her ail this sciousness of the enormous good fortune that graceful attitudinizing she does so well, which had sent him Isabel Bretherton for a live a long, tragic part—a tremendous strain, guest. For at that time it was almost as and would take all the powers of the most from the lower level of her own more com- the whole story of the play, and said that she Wallace abruptly rising and looking for his difficult to obtain the presence of Miss Breth- accomplished art to give it variety and over out, while his face darkened; "it's an- erton at any social festivity as it was to ob- charm." tain that of royalty. Her Sundays were the "Oh, I know," sighed Mrs. Stuart. "I rare, so unlike the ordinary type. Her inti- enormously struck with the plot, as Agnes | Kendal was puzzled: then his thoughts objects of conspiracies for weeks beforehand | know. But what is to be done?" mickly put two and two together. He re- on the part of those persons in London socimembered a young Canadian widow who had ety who were least accustomed to have their

dons below forty. In streamed the party, filling up the book

action. Miss Bretherton wandered round, surveyed the familiar Oxford luncheon table, groaning under the time honored fare; the books, the engravings and the sunny, irregular quadrangle outside, with its rich adornings of green, and threw herself down at last out of the scrape any way you can, and I'll on to the low window seat with a sigh of satis-

"How quiet you are! how peaceful! how delightful it must be to live here! It seems "As much as any work can in London just | as if one were in another world from London. now. I must take it away with me some Tell me what that building is over there. It's where into the country next month. It too new; it ought to be old and gray like the colleges we saw coming up here. Is everybody gone away-'gone down,' you say! I should like to see all the learned people walking about for once." "I could show you a good many if there

were time," said young Sartoris, hardly knowing, however, what he was saying, so lost was he in admiration of that marvelous changing face. "The vacation is the time they show themselves; it's like owls coming out at night. You see, Miss 1 retherton, we don't keep many of them; they're in the way in term time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian to themselves, and you may study their ways, and their spectacles, and their umbrellas, under the most favorable conditions." "Oh, yes," said Miss Bretherton, with a little scorn, "people always make fun of what they are proud of. But I mean to beheve that you are all learned, and that every-

body here works himself to death, and that Oxford is quite, quite perfect!" "Did you hear what Miss Bretherton was saying, Mrs. Stuart?" said Forbes, when they were seated at luncheon. "Oxford is perfect, she declares already; I don't think I quite like it; it's too hot to last."

"Am I such a changeable creature, then?" said Miss Bretherton, smiling at him. "Do you generally find my enthusiasms cool

"You are as constant as you are kind," said Forbes, bowing to her. "I am only like a child who sighs to see a pleasure nearing its highest point, lest there should be nothing so good afterwards." Nothing so good!" she said, "and I have

only had one little drive through the streets. Mr. Wallace, are you and Mrs. Stuart really going to forbid me sight seeing?" "Of course!" said Wallace, emphatically. "That's one of the fundamental rules of the society. Our charter would be a dead letter if we let you enter a single college on your way to the river today." "The only art, my dear Isabel," said Mrs.

Stuart, "that you will be allowed to study today will be the art of conversation." "And to most fatiguing one, toof" exclaimed Forbes; "it beats sight seeing hollow. But, my dear Miss Bretherton, Kendal and I will make it up to you. We'll give you an illustrated history of Oxford on the way to Nuneham. I'll do the pictures, and he shall do the letter press. Oh! the good times I've had up there-much better than he ever had," nodding across to Kendal, who was listening. "He was too proper behaved to enjoy himself; he got all the right things, the proper first classes and prizes, poor fellow! But, as for me, I used to scribble over my note books all lecture time, and amuse myself the rest of the day. And then, you see, I was up twenty years earlier than he was, and the world was not as virtuous

then as it is now by a long way." Kendal was interrupting when Forbes who was in one of his maddest moods, turned round upon his chair to watch a figure passing along the quadrangle in front of the bay

"I say, Sartoris, isn't that Camden, the tutor who was turned out of Magdalen a year or two ago for that atheistical book of his, and whom you took in, as you do all the Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in their Scason. disreputables! Ah, I knew it, By the pricking of my thumbs

Something wicked this way comes. wards. But look at him well-his a heretic.

victim but the persecutors who are the curi-"I don't know that." said roung Sartoris. the walk that we were a few veers ago. You

The conversation flowed on vigorously-Forbes guiding it, now here, now there, while him, at the further corner of the table from

Miss Bretherton.
"Edward has told you of my escapade," standard; she has two or three times talked said Mrs. Stuart. "Yes, I have put my foot in it dreadfully. I don't know how it will Don't quote me at all, of course. Do it as turn out, I am sure. She's so set upon it, and Edward is so worried. I don't know how I "If you give me too many instructions," came to tell her. You see, I've seen so much said Kendal, returning the letter with a of her lately, it slipped out when we were "It was very natural," said Kendal, glad

to notice from Mrs. Stuart's way of attack-"A grudge! No. I should think not. By ing the subject that she knew nothing of his own share in the matter. It would have embarrassed him to be conscious of another observer. "Oh, a hundred things may turn up; there are ways out of these things if one is determined to find them." Mrs. Stuart shook her head. "She is so curiously bent upon it. She is possessed with

the idea that the play will suit her better think you know him-Herbert Sartoris. He than any she has had yet. Don't you think her much better these last few weeks, and it seems abourd, but I get anxious about her. Of course, she is an enormous success, but I fancy the theatrical part of it has not been "So I hear," too," said Kendal, "the

theatre is quite as full, but the temper of the audience a good deal flatter." "Yes," said Mrs. Stuart; "and then there is that curious little sister of hers, whom you haven't seen, and who counts for a good deal. I believe that in reality she is very fond of Isabel, and very proud of her, but she's very jealous of her, too, and she takes her revenge upon her sister for her beauty and her celebrity by collecting the hostile things peoglad to find themselves in the same company again. It seemed to Kendal that Miss Breth- ple say about her acting, and pricking them pins. At first Isabel was so sure of herself and the public that she took no notice-it expect. But now it is different. She is not so strong as she was when she came over, not so happy, I think, and the criticisms tell what she wants to enable her to strengthen her hold upon the public."

"There never was a greater delusion," said Kendal; "it's the last part in the world she ought to attempt. Properly speaking, unless she puts it in, there's no posing in it, none of

feeling as hopeless as she did. The palencss been a good deal at Mrs. Stuart's house the invitations refused, and to have and to hold of the beautiful face opposite indeed had year before; he recalled certain suspicions of the famous beauty for more than an hour in touched his sympathies very keenly, and he his own about her'and his friend-her de his own rooms, and then to enjoy the privi- was beginning to think the safety of Wallace's play not such a desperately important matter after all. However, there was his promise, hanged," he said to himself, "if I come within a thousand miles of hurting her feelings. Wallace must do that for himself if he wants

b continued next week)

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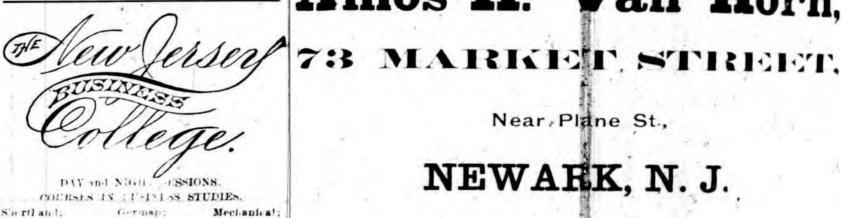
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